TERMS:

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" column 1 year Business Cards with I copy of the Democrat & Scatinel per year hen. Letters must be post paid to secure attention.

Select Poetry.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

The following beautiful effusion, like all the producgentleness of thought, and a sweetness of expression derness, come over the heart,

"Like softest music heard in sleep,"

" Like the low chant of the distant waves, By Spring's soft breathings stirred."

I wandered out one summer night-'T was when my years were few-The breeze was singing in the light, And I was singing too.

The moonbeams lay upon the hill, The shadows in the vale, And here and there a leaping rill Was laughing at the gule. One fleecy cloud upon the air

Was all that met my eyes: we It floated like an angel there Between me and the skies I clapped my lands and warbled wild, As here and there I flow; For I was but a careless child. And did as children do.

The waves came dancing o or the sea-In bright and glittering bands; Like little children wild with glee, They linked their dimpled hands. They linked their hands—but ere I caught Their mingled drops of dew They kissed my feet, and quick as thought Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours like birds flew by, As lightly and as free; Ten thousand stars were in the sky, Ten thousand in the sea; For every wave with dimpled cheek, That feaped open the air,

Had caught a stor in its endrace, The young moon, too, with uptured sides, Her mirror d beauty gave; And as a bark at anchor rides.

She rode upon the wave. The sea was like the heaven above, As perfect and as whole. Save that it seemed to thrill with love. As thrills the immortal soul,

The leaves, by spirit-voices stirrid, Made marmars on the sir-Low murmurs, that my spirit heard, And answer'd with a prayer; For 't was upon the dewy sod, Beside the mouning seas, I learned at first to worship God,

And sing such strains as these The flowers, all folded to their dreams. Were bowed in slumber free; By breezy hills and marmuring streams,

Wheree'er they chanced to be. No guilty tears had they to weep, No sins to be forgiven: They closed their eyes, and went to sleep, Right in the face of heaven.

No costly raiment round them shone; No jewels from the seas, Jet Solomon upon his throne Was ne or arrayed like these; And just as free from guilt and art. Were lovely human flowers,

Lie sorrow set her bleeding heart

On this fair world of ours I have heard the langing wind behind, When playing with my hair-The breezy fingers of the wind, How cool and moist they were;

I heard the hight-bird worbling o'er Its soft enchanting strain-I never heard such sounds before, And never shall again:

And sing them day by day, When every bird upon the breeze Can sing a sweeter lay? I'd give the world for their sweet art;

Then wherefore weave such strains as these,

he simple, the divine I'd give the world to melt one heart

As they have melted mine.

THE GRAVE OF LILLY DALE.

BY SINNEY DYER.

We amosthed down the locks of her soft golden hair, And folded her arms on her breast, And laid her, at ove, in the valley so fair,

Mid the blossoms of Summer to rest. Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, no care can assail, For green grows the turf o'er the tear mois tened grave

Of the fairest flower of the vale! She sleeps 'neath the spot she had marked for repose Where the flowers soonest blossem in Spring, And rephyrs first breathe the perfumes of her rose,

And the birds come at evening to sing. On, rest, Lilly, rest, &c. The wide spreading boughs of the old chesnut tree, Band low o'er the place where she lies; There eve's purple beams longest glow on the lea,

And the morn's drink the dew, as they rise, Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c. Alone, where the brook murmurs soft on the air, She sleeps with the turf on her brest, her, at eve, in the valley so fair,

"Mid the blossoms of Summer to rest. Oh, rest, Lilly, rest, &c. THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.

Smooth the hair, and close the eyelids, Let the window curtains tall; With a smile upon her features, She hath answered to the call.

Let the children kiss her gently, As she lies upon the bed; God hath called her to his bosom, And the little one is dead.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1853.

Tales and Shetches.

LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS.

THE TWO-PENNY MARRIAGE.

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married." "Want to be married-what for ?"

"Why you see, we don't think it is right for

sort of drunken conclusion to get married. When | could hardly send its victims lower. you get sober you will both repent of it, proba-

tions of Mrs. Welby, is distinguished for purity and think we are doing right-we are not doing as gations they had taken upon themselves. almost inimitable. Its quiet melody-its dream-like have been reading about the good things you two-penny marriage, and then it become absorband spiritual beauty-and its tones of bewitching ten- have done for just such poor outcasts as we are ed with a thousand other scenes of wretchedness 118.11

drunk ?"

from getting drunk?" "Yes, we are going to take the pledge too and

we shall keep it depend upon that." first, and if you can keep it till you can wash terrible drunkards, I know you are." some of the dirt away, and get some clothes on,

then I will marry you.' "No: that won't do. I shall get to thinking what a poor dirty, miserable wretch I am, and how I am living with this woman, who is not a bad woman by nature, and then I will drink, and then she will drink—oh, cursed rum !—and what is to prevent us? But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease, my wife would say, 'Thomas'-she would not say ' Tom, -you dirty brute, don't be tempted ; and gows but what we dy that our own might be somebody ve

mothers would not be Here the woman, who had been silent and rather moody, burst into doof tears. crying " Mother, moth she is alive or not, and

her happy once more "I could no longer stand the appeal," said Mr. P., " and determined to give them a trial. I have married a good many poor, wretched looking couples, but none that looked quite so much so as this. The man was hatless and shoeless. without coat or vest, with long hair and heard grimed with dirt. He was by trade a bricklayer, one of the best in the city. She were the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old, very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments."

" And your name is Thomas-Thomas what?" "Elting, sir. Thomas Elting, a good true name and true man, that is, shall be if you marry us."

"Well, well. I am going to marry you."

"Are you?" There, Mag, I told you so," "Dont call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be by my right name, the only my come to be married." mother gave me."

" Not Mag. Well, I never knew that." "Now, Thomas, hold your tongue, you talk too much. What is your name?"

"Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes, I will, and I never will disgrace it. I don't think I should ever have been as bad if I had kept it. That bad woman who first tempted ine to ruin, made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband. Matilda Fraley. Nobody knows

me by that name in this bad city." " Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take each other by the right hand, and look at me. for I am now going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think you are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemni-

ty ?" "Yes, sir."

"Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances cannot be kept in sin, misery, filth and drunkenness. Thomas, will you take Matilda to be your lawful, true, only, wedded wife?"

" Yes, sir."

"You promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as health, and nourish, protect and comfort her as your true and faithful wife; that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself and keep clean."

"So I will." "Never mind answering until I get through .-You promise to abstain totally from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman should love his wedded wife. Now all of this, Most High-here in the sight of God in Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman

"Yes, I will." "And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same, and be a true wife to this man ?"

"I will try, sir." "But do you promise all this faithfully?"

to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes, sir, I will." "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

" Now, Thomas," says the new wife, after I Mr. Pease, and let us go home and break the bot- but I said nothing, and we parted with a mutual the spiders from crawling into his hollow put hors du combat, and came off with a black to converse with. Poor fellow! wonder when tle." Thomas felt first in the right hand pocks God bless you. When I went up stairs I tossed squash."

et, then the left, then back to the right, then he | thecoins into my wife's lap, with the remark,

examined the watch-fob. "Why, where is it ?" says she, " you had two dollars this morning !"

this evening. There, Mr. Pease, take them, it is act.? all I have got in the world; what more can I "And will follow the present, if the pledge is give ?"

Sure enough, what could be do more? I took Tw-Penny Marriage."-N. Y. Tribune. us to be living together this way any longer, and them and prayed over them, that in parting with we have been talking over the matter to-day and the last penny, this couple might have parted with a vice, a wicked, foolish practice which had "Yes, yes, I see you have been talking over reduced them to such a degree of poverty and the matter over the bottle and have come to a wretchedness, that the monster power of rum

So Tom and Mag were transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Elting, and having grown somewhat "No, sir, we are not very drunk now, not so more sober while in the house, seemed to fully drunk but what we can think, and we don't understand their new position, and all the obli-

we were brought up to do by pious parents. We | For a few days I thought occasionally of this and we want you to try and do something for which I have witnessed since I have lived in this centre of city misery. Time wore on and I mar-"Read! Can you read? Do you read the ried many other couples -often those who came in their carriage and left a golden marriage fee-"Well not much lately, but we read the news- a delicate way of giving to the needy-but among papers and sometimes we read something good in all I had never performed the rite for a couple liwk was busy shuffling a pack of cards. Pithem. How can we read the Bible when we are quite so low as that of this two-penny fee, and I resolved I never would again. At length, how-"Do you think getting married will keep you ever, I had a call for a full match to them, which I refused.

"Why do you come to me to be married, my friend?" said I to the man. You are both too sump.' "Suppose you take the pledge and try that poor to live separate, and besides you are both

> and take the pledge." " Take that first."

"It did one of my friends." " Well, then, go and bring that friend here; let me see and hear how much it saved him, and theah, stranger, but I'll win at last. He cleanthen I will make up my mind what to do; if I can do you any good I want to do it."

"My friend is at work—he has got a good job and several hands working for him and is making | ties, ransferred from his pocket to the capacious money, and won't quit till night. Shall I come poort-book of the other, which he always carethis evening?"

"Yes, I will stay at home and wait for you." nake 8 o'clock the servant said that man and his girl, -a cast he looked so. But he insisted that the with a gentleman and ludy, were waiting in the othershould go out with him, and get some of reception room. I told him to ask the lady and the cal "mountain dew;" that there was "nogentleman to walk up to the parlor and sit a mo- this in this shanty fit for a gentleman." away, being determined never to unite another howcould be shake off an obstinate drunken drunken couple, not dreaming that there was man? So they went out together, I followed .any sympathy between the parties. But they Pigon had his arm around the neck of Hawk in would not come up; they wanted to see that thenost loving manner, who was evidently much complems ried. So I went down and found the analyed. So they went on, and would have Willis," Mr. W. makes the following explanadressed laboring man, for he wore a fine black bac; he did not want to go where he was known Home Journal: coat, silk vest, gold watch chain, clean white with a companion so far gone. So he proposed shirt and cravat, polished calf-skin boots; and anoher place, down a dark side-street. They his wife was just as neat and tidily dressed as hadn't walked far into the gloom before he wheelanybody's wife, and her face beamed with intelli- ed siddenly, gave his companion a shove, who gence, and the way in which she cluing to the west stumbling down upon a cellar door, while arm of her husband, as she seemed to shrink Havk came hastily back into the light, and from my sight, told that she was a loving as waked hurrically past where I was standing. I well as loved wife.

them; do they look like fit subjects for such a had got rid of a troublesome drunken companion, holy ordinance? God never intended those whom that he had not yet discovered his loss. he created in his own image should live in matri- Inow turned to watch the other. He got up,

we were worse off-more dirty-worse clothed. striped vest to a plain black silk velvet. The and more intoxicated."

of sight. I saw she trembled violently, and put ly whiskers all gone, and left a face as smooth

a clean cambrick handkerchief up to her eyes.

What could it mean? Married when they were worse off? Who were they?

" Have you forgotten us?" said the woman, taking my hands in hers, and dropping on her but I could not help thinking that one of these knees; "have you forgotten drunken Tom and secundrels was just as honest as the other. Mag? We have not forgotten you, but pray for you every day !"

" If you have forgotten them, you have not forgotten the two-penny marriages No ---- despon did not know us. I told Matilda she need not be afraid, or ashamed if you did know her. But picking up her handkerchief, or her glove, or in I knew you would not. How could you? We were in rags and dirt then. Look at as now .--All your work, Sir. All the blessing of that pledge and that marriage, and that good advice you gave us. Look at this suit of clothes, and her dress-all Matilda's work, every stitch of it. Everything in it to make a comfortable home; peace of mind; go to the full extent of her de-Come and look at our house, as neat as she is .and oh, Sir, there is a cradle in our bedroom .- serts, but let it be consistent with truth and Five hundred dollars already in bank; and I with sense, and such as to convince her of your kindly, affectionately, and love her as a husband my job. So much for one year of a sober life, and a faithful, honest good wife. Now, this man will you, here before me as the servant of the is as good a workman as I am, only he is bound down with the galling fetters of drunkenness, and living with this woman just as I did. Now, he thinks that he can reform just as well as me; but he thinks he must take the pledge of the same man, and have his first effort sauctified with the same blessing, and then, with a good resolution, and Matilda and me to watch over them, I do believe they will succeed."

So they did. So may others by the same means. I married them, and as I shook hands with Mr. Elting at parting, he left two coins in my hand,

'tvo pennies again, my dear.'

"Two pennies! Why, husband, they are eagies-real golden eagles. What a deal of good "Yes, I know it, but I have only got two cents the will do. What blessings have followed that nothing new, surely; -nothing but what the an-

How to Win.

Raiversity furnishes us with strange bed-felloss, curiosity gives us strange acquaintances sometimes. It certainly was strange to me that I slould be in a gaming-house one night not long ago Knowing nobody, nobody knowing me, I lookel about for somebody to be interested in .-I am ays like to take an interest in somebody. I did that night. He was a sort of green, gawky-looking chap, to all appearance a little the wese for liquor. I made up my mind that he was a stray pigeon, and that he would be pluckedbefore he left that hawk's nest. I watched th hawk. He was busy now with a stranger. whom he soon cleaned out. Their he sauntered over to where our pigeon was dosing, and sat dwn at the same table. Directly he woke up, ad looked about him with a sort of vacant stare. gon looked a moment, and then said to him : "I say, stranger, may be you think you are nighty smart at keards, but I can beat the hind rats off of you at poker."

"Sir," said the gambler, "I never take a

"Trot cout your nags, then. Neow let her And they played, continually at the Pigeon's "That is just what we want to get married for, less, which I saw was occasioned by the most dwnright cheating in dealing the cards, or drop-"No, we must take all together, nothing else | ping to make a mis-deal. After a while Pigeon get up to go out a moment, and I could not resist

> the oportunity of telling him how villainously the oher was robbing him. "Iknow it; just as much obliged to you, ed of my friend in the same way, but I'll win

yet-count me in for that." Ivondered how, as I saw fives, tens, and fif-

full deposited in a right-hand breast-pocket. Sch a run of losses would break the bank. It

nerit, while I sent the candidates for marriage | Ihwk would gladly have shaken him off; but squalidly wretched pair in company with a well- gon into a fashionable saloon, but Hawk hung sawthe other had won at last. There was a "This couple," says the gentleman, "have feaful gash in the breast of the coat, directly ove the spot where the well-filled pocket-book "Yes, I know it, but I have refused. Look at had been. The owner was so glad to think he

mony like this man and woman. I cannot mar- and came slowly toward the corner where I was statding. What a change. The old white hat "Cannot! Why not? You married us when had given place to a glazed silk cap. The jaunty black cravat had turned white. The shocking The woman shrunk back, to get the more out ugivred hair was now a fine brown, and the ugas a parson's. And what was more, he was more, he was strictly sober.

He had won at last! Ido not particularly commend pick-pockets,

How to show Love for a Wife.

Show love for your wife, and your admiration carrying her fan; not, though you have the means, in hanging trinkets or baubies upon her, not in making yourself a fool by winking at and seeming pleased with her foibles or follies or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness toward her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her life and health and shall add as much more next week when I finish sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her eyes for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appellation that the Christian name affords, is the best that you can use, especially before faces. An everlasting "My dear," is but a sorry compensation for want of that sort of love that makes the busband cheerfully toil by day breaking his rest, endure hardships, if the life or health of his wife demand it .-Let your deeds, and not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact that you value her health and life and happiness beyond all other things in this world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is more or less in danger.

with the simple remark that there was another Dan Marble, speaking of a young gentle-

From the N. Y. Musical World. A Sketch From Life, or The Age of Progress.

faithfully kept. Truly, this is a good result of a a loving mother husbing upon her faithful breast evening. Dennis began on the old theme of the

closer to her breast and gazes upwards :-food at Ry-sack-a-dollar-pole-me, (Resaca de la Paland sleep and rest are forgotten, so that that lit- ma). He caught two Mexican blackguards by tle flickering taper die not out. Gently upon her the cuff of their necks and kilt them both as dead soft warm breast she woos for it baby slumbers; as herrings, by knockin' their heads together.' long weary nights, up and down the cottage floor. she paces, soothing its restless moaning. Suns

rise and set; stars pale; seasons come and go; -she heeds them not, so that those languid eyes | had he ? That's thrue enough for ye, but thin but beam brightness. Down the meadow, by ye see Tim forgot all about that when he got into the brook, on the hill side she seeks with him the a fight.' health restoring breeze.

God be praised, health comes at last! What oy is see the rosy flush mantle on the pallid check; what joy to see the shrunken limbs grow round with health; what joy to see the damp thin locks grow crisp and glossy! What matter, though the knitting lie neglected-or the spinning wheel be dumb, so that the soaring kite or bouncing ball but please his boyish fancy and prompt the gleeful shout? What matter that the coarse fare be hers, so that the dantier morsel pass his rosy lip? What matter that her robe be threadbare, so that his graceful limbs be clad in Joseph's rainbow coat? What matter that her couch be hard, so that his sunny head rest nightly on a downy pillow? What matter that her slender purse be empty, so that his childish heart may never know denial?

Years roll on. That loving mother's eye grows dim; her glossy locks are silvered; her limbs are his hoss, an' puttin' his left leg over the back sharp and shrunken ; her footsteps slow and tot- leather, "count me and !" an' then he marveled." tering. And the boy? the cherished Joseph? he of the bold bright eye, and sinewy limb, and bounding step; surely, from his kind hand shall ferred begging to work, called on a gentleman in flowers be strewn on the dim downward path to the city, and asked for "cold vituals, and old the dark valley ?—surely her son's strong arm be clothes." The man asked him what he did for a hers to lean on ;-his voice of music sweeter to living. her dull earthan scraph's singing.

No, no !- The hum of busy life has strock upon his ear, drowning the voice of love. He has become a MAN! refined, fastidious !- and to his | well ?" I little expected to see him again, but about brokethe leser, who was by this time very drunk forgetful, unfilial heart, (God forgive him) the

100000 FANNY FERN.

A Capital thing by Willis. A Washington correspondent of The Tribrate whereshouts: having accused the President of dressing rather .. Mon fren, what is ze name of zis street, foppishly, and among other things of having "his ch ?" hair oiled and curled after the fashion of N. P. tion in a note at the foot of an article in The

" First, the humble head which his Excellency the President is thus authentically declared to have selected for his imitation, has hitherto known no external culture or embellishment bewond a daily souse in cold water-never, to my knowledge, having been touched by oil, pomatum. urling-fluid, curling-tongs, or other ungent, art | make game o' mc. emollient. Second, it has never known even the luxury of hair-dresser, or barber, having been several times often, will you tell me ze name ov cut, from boyhood till now, whenever and wher- 'ze dam street, ch ?" ever it was inconveniently long, by seissors in "Watts street, I tole yer. Yer drunk, ain't my own hands. Third, its daily officiation as a | yer ?" model for the President, (though it was wholly unaware, hitherto, of ever having been seen by his Excellency,) is performed without crest, olume or livery, it being known to my friends you is von dam fool, by dam !" and neighbors by the covering of a straw hatwhich straw hat. I may add, is now near the close of its wear for a second summer, and was pan, of Ohio, which illustrates the manner in bought in the village of Newburg for eighteen which no "partyism" works. After the new

like to be believed to grow old. Willing to serve urged the election of Judges without regard to my country in any way, I am honored of course party. "Well, Judge, who would you select ?" to have the outside of my head chronicled as a asked one. "Well," said he, "there is Ranney, copy for the President, though I would rather it a sound lawyer, and an excellent man : D. Q. were the inside that were a copy for the school- Morton, of Toledo, another good one; Bartley boy. If you will strew my secladed path with has few equals in the State, and Caldwell everymistaken roses, however, I must be excused for body admires." "But Judge," they replied, such drops of otto biography as the truth comnote me to distif "

Noah was the first man who perpetrated a regular and authentic drunk, of which we have any record, although the antedeluvians were doubtless entitled to the glory of the discovery. Brandy smashes were things, however, in which Noah never indulged, nor any of his ancestry .-We find it recorded that " brandy was invented by Raymundus Lillius, a celebrated alchemist, who died in 1315; but for many centuries it was only used as a medicine, and chiefly as an external application."

A CURIOUS BOOK .- Mr. Jefferson made an original book out of the New Testament, an account of which is given by him in a letter to John Adams, dated Oct. 13, 1813, when Mr. J. was seventy years old. He took two copies of the New our office with his rags fluttering in the wind, Testament and cut out the sayings of the Saviour, his face smeared with melasses, and a shingle rejecting every verse that was not evidently his; flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to these he pasted in a book, and his compilation is another boy, about the size of a pepper-box, who described as covering forty-six pages. He wrote stood nearly a quarter of a mile down the street; to old John Adams that this arrangement had "Oh! Bill! Bill! git as many boys as EVER you placed before him, "the most sublime and be- can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and nevolent code of morals ever offered to man .- come up the street as soon as ever you can, for Boston Transcript.

The man who 'embraced a favorable ophad made out the certificate and given it to her, two-penny marriage fee. I was in hope that it man with moustaches, said: "He is a crittur portunity,' last week, emboldened by his sucwith an injunction to keep it safely-"now pay might have been a couple of dollars this time, that wears hair on his upper lip to keep cess, attempted to embrace an old maid, but was hood so intelligent that he can't find any person

Tim McGowan.

This gallant fellow lost his life in the Mexican war. He had lost an arm when a boy, by hav-Look into yonder window : what do you see ? ing the limb crushed under the wheel of a jauntgels have looked smilingly down upon since the brother, Dennis, never ceased boasting of Tim's morning stars first sang together. Nothing but exploits. In a Moyamensing barroom, the other a wailing babe; whose little life hangs by a slen- Mexican war, dwelling with particular emphader thread : mortal lips have said, "the boy must sis on the heroic deeds of his deceased rela-

A mother's hope never dies. She clasps him | Och, murther, but ye ought to uv seen Tim · How could that be,' said a listener, · when

your brother had but one arm." 'Bliss yer sowl,' answered Dennis, 'one arm

A FREE FIGHT.—The following is a description of a free fight in Western Virginia, as related by one of the eye witnesses thereof. Premising that there was but one man struck, in answer to an interrogatory as to who he was, the

narrator replies: "I reckon he war from low down on Guyan omewher. Jes as they war jawin', a chap rode up on a clay-bank hoss-I reckin he was Messenger stock, a scrowgin anemil, a leetle mite blind o' both eyes-a peert lookin' chap enough, an when he get fernent the place, says he, "Is this a free fight?" an' they told him it wor. 'Well,' says he, gittin'off, an' hitchin' his old clay-bank to a swingin' limb, "count me ia!" He hadn't more'n got it out, afore some one fetched him a lick, an' he drapt. He riz dreckly, with some defickulty, and ses he, " Is this a free fight ?" an' they tole him it ar. "Well," ses he, unhitchin'

TRAVELLING .- A strong, lazy fellow, who pre-

"Not much," said the fellow, " except travel-

"Travelling! Then you can travel pretty

"Oh, yes," said the beggar, "I'm very good "Well, then," said the gentleman, coolly opening the door, " let's see you travel."

TP A Frenchman stopped a lad-in the street n New York, to make some inquiries of his

" Well, who said 'twant ?"

"What you call zis street ?" " Of course we do." "Pardonnez! Thave not ze name, vot you

call him ?"

" Yes, Watts we call it." "How you call ze name of zis street ?"

"Watts street, I tole yer." "Zis street."

"Watts street, old feller, and don't yer go to "Sacre mon die! I ask you one, two, tree.

"Mon little fren, vere you lif, eh ?"

"In Vandam street." "Eh, bien! You lif in von dam street, and

An excellent story is told of Judge Tanconstitution was adopted, the Judge in conver-"Dear friends of The Tribune (P. S.) I should sation with several of his friends, strongly "They are all Democrats-there's not a whig among them."

"Aftern! Well - d - n a Whig anyhow!" Table-talk or knocking may sometimes lead to embarra-sing results, as proved by the following gossip current at Berlin: A party met the other night, and formed a chain, and when the "fluid" was in movement, a married lady present put the question, " How many children have

I?" "Tap, tap, tap, tap," or four replied the table. "True, wonderful!" exclaimed the lady and all others. Presently her husband came in and asked the same question. "Tap, tap," or two, was the answer. The effect produced by this may be better conceived than described .-This might be termed "scandalous table-

The other day, a small boy came tearing by there's a great big. large hogsit of lasses busted on the pavement-busted all to smash!"

There is a young 'gent' in this neighbor-